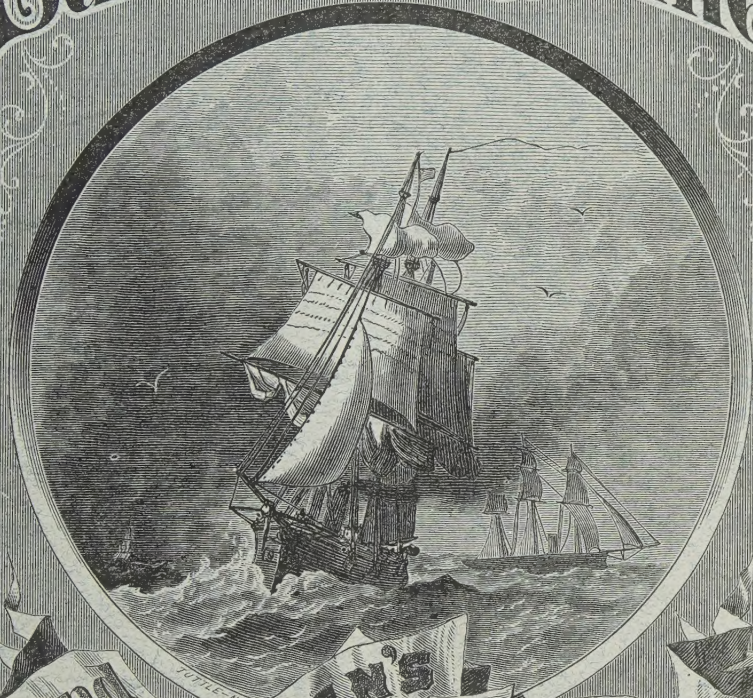


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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance.

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THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. —Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

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No. 3.

From The Christian Union.

A 'LONGSHOREMAN AT WORK.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

For the benefit of the uninformed reader it may be said, at the outset, that 'longshoremen are laborers employed in loading and unloading vessels. In the vast majority of cases they are employed by stevedores, who contract with the owners or captain of the vessel to be discharged, to do the work for a certain sum, and who hire the 'longshoremen to do the task. The stevedores may have been captains of vessels, or engaged, in early years, in the mere manual work of loading and unloading; but, however this may be, it is generally admitted that they are in a very lucrative business, much of which, however, comes through their influence and acquaintance with captains and consignees.

Let the reader fancy a knot of these men sitting in the small "card-room" of a very small and

exceedingly plain liquor saloon on the East River front. They have been asked to give the facts about their work, their wages, their business troubles, and their grievances, under the promise that a faithful report shall be made of the same. They are big, ruddy-faced, muscular-looking men. They wear belts around their waists, and carry hooks in their belts,—these hooks to assist them in hauling around the big boxes and bales they have to handle. They have been "treated" to cigars. The man who does the talking must be about twenty-eight years of age. He is smooth-faced, with plenty of color,—good, healthy color. He wears an old-fashioned cloth cap, pulled down over his forehead; he has lost three teeth, and has a hole in his left cheek, which may have been caused by an abscess or a bullet wound. Not a very inviting looking man,

at first sight, but proving to be bright and intelligent the moment he begins to talk, which he does with perfect fluency and correctness of language. We are reminded of a remark of Emerson's to the effect that it is the college professor, or the student who hems and haws in his speech; the laborer talks without hesitation, and always to the point.

"Its 'longshoremen," he says, "that you see standing all along the river front,—both the East River and the North River. Of course they are idle; they want a job. Along comes a stevedore, and he sees a gang of 'em, and he picks out such as he wants. Of course, some look more intelligent than others, and they'll be likely to get the first chance; for there is some skill required in the business, as well as strength. As a general thing, the stevedore knows you and what you're good for. Sometimes the men he knows are at work; then he has to take strangers; and he comes up to you and says, 'Here, you, go to work.' If you suit, all right; if you're no good you're discharged at twelve o'clock, and he hires another. They pay us here, on the East River, forty cents an hour. The stevedore gets so much a ton. Say the vessel has two thousand tons, and he gets forty-cents a ton; that is \$900. Say it takes three gangs, ten men in a gang, fifty hours to discharge her,—you figure it out: \$600 for the men,—\$300 profit for the stevedore. Some of the stevedores are good, some of them are low blackguards; they ought to be called 'lumpers,' for that is the way they discharge,—by the lump. These stevedores and owners think we get too much pay,—have an idea we demand too much; but we don't have steady work. Now, if

they'll turn around and give us half as much pay,—twenty cents an hour,—with steady employment the year round, we will be satisfied. On an average, the majority of 'longshoremen along the East River don't earn ten dollars a week the year round. Now, with rent, provisions, etc., a man can hardly maintain a family on less than two dollars a day,—that is, to live any way half decent. He might *exist* on a little less, but it can hardly be called living. Take rent, clothing, and provisions, and doctor's bills, and medicines, and so on, and you'll find, at the end of the year, if you make both ends meet, you'll be doing considerably well.

"On the North River side the men get thirty cents an hour for day work, and sixty for night work; we get forty day and night. They all belong to our Society. When work is dull over there they come here and work for forty cents; but if we go there and work for thirty cents there's generally a kick about it. It was so at one time when they all got the same, until the general strike eight years ago. We held a convention,—we were out two months on a strike; but the convention finally came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get the steamship companies to pay the rates we demanded, so the companies finally agreed to pay thirty cents an hour for day work and sixty cents for night."

From another source on the North River side,—not a 'longshoreman, but a man who had mingled with 'longshoremen for ten years back,—it was learned that the earnings at one of the steamship companies' wharves would be from \$18 a week up to \$25. He had heard of men making \$40 in one week, but that was rare. The rate was double (sixty cents an

hour) for night work, for Sundays, and for holidays. He knew 'long-shoremen who were steady, good workers, who owned and lived in their own houses on the Jersey side.

The same informant said that men would sometimes take a job "in the lump" themselves,—a number of them, friends, agreeing, for instance, to load or unload, say a hundred crates at so much a crate, or so much an hour, and then dividing equally among them the sum received for the job. Three years ago the steamship companies paid regular salaries to the men,—\$12 a week for dock hands, \$14 for the men who stowed away the goods in the hold of the vessel, and \$16 for the men on the deck of the ship who directed where the goods were to be put.

"The great trouble," to let our East River workman resume his narrative, "is that the Harbor Masters charge such an enormous fee to the owners for bringing their vessels here that the owners won't bring them here, and so we get less work. You may have seen talk in the papers about doing away with the Harbor Masters. That is what we would like. The Harbor Master don't receive these fees directly, but a man who is supposed to be a Deputy Harbor Master. There is no such thing as a Deputy, but he calls himself so to receive these fees; the Harbor Master getting them through him, so that in a legal proceeding he can make an affidavit that he didn't receive them. The Harbor Master says, '*I am Harbor Master, and this man represented himself as an assistant Harbor Master; he had no authority from me to go to your place for fees; you should not have given him anything.*' They charge the owners

as much as \$50 for the privilege of working a vessel, and then \$10 or \$12 for wharfage. The consequence is, the vessels are taken to Brooklyn, the North River side, or elsewhere, and we lose work.

"There are any number of foreigners who are interfering with us,—Italians, Frenchmen, all nationalities. Through their connection with the Masons and other secret societies they get work where we cannot. Of course Catholics can't belong to those orders. These men are not Catholics; they only believe in what they eat and drink.

"To protect ourselves in getting work and the regular rates per hour, we have a beach-walker [with an apt remembrance of the cleansing power of a certain toilet article, he is called by some the 'beach-comber'], who is paid by the Society \$25 a week. We boycott the vessels. This man walks up and down the river front, and sees that such men that are working, and that he don't know, have the Society badge. Each man is obliged to carry one about him. Here is mine."

The speaker displayed a round, white metal badge, about as large as a silver quarter. Upon it were the letters:—

L. U. P. A.,
No. 2, N. Y.

That is, 'Longshoremen's Union Protective Association, Branch No. 2, New York, and the number of the man beneath.

"Then," continued the man, "if a vessel is being discharged by non-society men, it has to pay, I think, ten cents a ton, amounting sometimes to \$100, according to her tonnage; and before a man from our Society is allowed to work on her, that money must be paid. Down at the Maritime Ex-

change they held a meeting and wanted us to dispense with it; they called it an outrage, called it blackmail, this idea of dictating to them by whom their vessel should be worked. Now, if a consignee has a vessel sent to the Lackawanna yard, or the mahogany yards at Seventh Street, of course, any kind of laboring men may discharge a vessel; but we have got to stand by on the streets of New York waiting for that vessel to be discharged; then, when they want to employ experienced men to load her, as it should be done, they come to us. During all the time she has been discharging we have to stand by,—and they call us blackmailers! We don't think we are wrong. Why don't they employ us to discharge her as well as to load her! Of course, it is more difficult to load than to discharge. At the Delaware and Lackawanna Company yards they have Italians discharging stuff such as iron ore that they take out of blast furnaces, the men getting \$1 and \$1.25 a day, while we stand on the streets in New York waiting all the time she is being discharged. As soon as she is discharged they want us to load her. They tried to do away with our loading, but the insurance companies wouldn't insure them unless they were properly loaded.

"I said we stand around the streets waiting for work; but they talk of having a place where we can stop. This man [the liquor seller, in and about whose place there were a score of 'longshoremen at the time we were there] don't object to my coming here, but there's a good many people might wish to come in a place to get a drink, and they don't like to have a dozen men gaping at them while they go the bar. Here, some time

ago, they (the police) drove us off the sidewalks here,—wouldn't allow us the sidewalks,—down here in Maiden Lane and those places; drove us off, locked some of 'em up, and fined 'em a dollar for not going along quick enough!

"A man works four or five hours in a ship's hold; he comes up here, all sweaty; he stands on the sidewalk, gets sick, hasn't any money to pay a doctor, off he's sent to the hospital. They make no provision for us to get out of the inclemency of the weather; you have to stand here, rain and snow,—either that or go into a gin-mill. A man has to go to a gin-mill, and spend ten cents to go there. All those things should be looked into."

There are, approximately, about seven thousand five hundred 'longshoremen in and around New York. They have five societies, three in New York and two in Brooklyn. The New York societies were organized in 1864. The preamble of the Constitution of "No. 2" says:—"The importance as well as the utility of constituted associations must be acknowledged by every reflecting mind to be very essential, as it is the only method whereby they can insure their private as well as general interests, and protect themselves from arbitrary employers." And the object of the Association is stated as being "to bind members together as one man, that we may be better able to protect our interests, regulate our wages, and attend to such other business as may from time to time come before us." Membership is secured by the payment of an initiation fee of one dollar; the monthly dues are fifteen cents; colored persons are not eligible to membership; members shall not work with non-society men; drunkenness, cursing, and swearing dur-

ing meetings is punishable by a fine of one dollar; members shall not work for stevedores who employ non-society men. The funds are appropriated for the maintenance of wages, burying the dead, and other incidental expenses. Fifty dollars are allowed on the death of a wife, and fifty dollars on the death of a member.

Ocean Lighthouses.

A recent paper read by Mr. Christopher Anderson before the society of Engineers in England, discusses the feasibility of deep-sea lighthouses, to be anchored at various points in the ocean, and to serve, besides the purpose of a lighthouse, those of signal and meteorological stations. Mr. Anderson's plan contemplates the construction of such lighthouses of hollow riveted iron-work in the form of a large cylinder, about 36 feet in diameter, and 290 feet in length, consisting of three essential parts. The upper portion raising 140 feet out of the water, is to be similar, so far as shape, arrangements and internal fittings are concerned, to the tower of an ordinary lighthouse. The central portion, about waterline, is to be packed with a material (such as corkwood) much lighter than water, and capable of forming a durable and unsinkable floating power. The lower portion, extending 150 feet below the water-line, is intended to counteract the force of wind and weather acting upon the tower, and as a ballast to lower the center of gravity of the whole structure to any desired extent. To this compartment water is admitted, and, if necessary, a quantity of iron ballast can also be used. The lighthouse is to be erected complete in the shipbuilding yard,

launched and towed out to its intended site, where it will readily be made to assume its erect position by admitting water to the lower compartment. Having been properly floated and ballasted, it is to be securely attached by steel wire ropes two inches in diameter to anchor blocks weighing about 200 tons each, sunk in suitable positions, so that in water one mile deep each rope would be from two to three miles long. The proposed displacement is about 2,000 tons, for which there would be no difficulty in providing adequate moorings.

The structure is entirely dependent for its floating power upon the light material contained in the central division, and is consequently unsinkable, even if damaged by collision with a ship or an iceberg. Owing to its peculiar form and arrangement, its stability is very great, so that, if forced from the perpendicular, it would instantly right itself with great power. The author has calculated that a hurricane, moving with a velocity of one hundred miles per hour, equivalent to a pressure of 50 lbs. per square foot, will only cause a deviation of 10 degs. from the perpendicular. Against this it is to be noticed that the sag of the mooring ropes will form a most effective spring to control any tendency to oscillation. As the whole mass of the structure is comparatively great, and the area exposed to the lifting force of waves very small indeed, it is thought the rising and falling motion caused by passing waves will be almost inappreciable.

The extreme desirability and increasing necessity for lighthouses and telegraphic stations in mid-ocean is universally admitted. The following important objects to be attained by their construc-

tion may be briefly stated:—(1.) For meteorological purposes; as from a station say 1,000 miles from the English coast, a storm warning from the Atlantic could be sent thirty-six hours in advance, and a yearly saving of many million pounds' worth of maritime property and of hundreds of human lives thereby effected. (2.) Ship owners could be apprised of the passage and condition of their vessels, and could forward messages to the same *en route*. (3.) To afford rendezvous for vessels in distress or shipwrecked crews. The author also proposes to employ similar light-houses on a smaller scale for coast service. The immense saving of life and property which would result around the shores of the United Kingdom would be sufficient in one year alone to recoup their cost many times over.

One cannot help thinking, however, of the isolation to which the keeper of the place would be exposed, and the terrifying effect of a collision with an iceberg, even though in such an event,—as claimed by the author of the scheme,—the lighthouse would immediately right itself.

Bermuda as a Harbor of Refuge.

Captain Albert J. Kruger, of ship *Nevada*, of New York, writes home respecting the Bermudas as a refuge for vessels in distress. Atlantic sailing directions, which are mostly of old date, describe the islands as having a safe harbor for vessels of the largest size. But ships are being built much larger now than they were years ago, and masters with vessels drawing over eighteen feet will be sorely disappointed if they expect that they can enter a harbor at once on

arrival at Bermuda. All the shelter they can find is the roadstead called Murray's anchorage, situated to the north of the islands, and formed by the coral reefs which encircle the northwestern shores. These reefs are situated from eight to twelve miles off shore, so that gales between north-northwest and west by south raise a very heavy sea, and vessels often part their chains or drag. As to doing much work in such a roadstead during a severe winter season, it is entirely out of question. It is true that the largest man-of-war ships afloat go to Bermuda, it being a British naval station. The British Government had established a navy yard on Ireland Island, sheltered by a splendid breakwater, inside of which these ships lay snug and safe, but merchant vessels are not permitted to go there unless they carry Government supplies. There is also a Government floating dry dock (which was towed from England to Bermuda some years ago), capable of lifting a 6,000 ton ship. The Marine Slip, in St. George's, owned by a number of shareholders, cannot take out vessels of larger capacity than 900 tons, the charges for the use of either slip or floating dock are alike and not moderate, but the latter can only be made use of by merchant vessels in case the former cannot perform the service, whatever may be the reason—that is, the Government does not interfere with private interests. The same relations between Government and private individual Bermudans exist regarding work, supply, or assistance to foreigners. The former does not undertake or furnish any work or supply, unless the respective applicant can present a certificate signed by three merchants or mechanics respectively, stating that

no private individual on the island can or will furnish the work or supply. At times even the Government cannot supply, so that one has to send to New York for the required timbers or logs, for masts, spars, rudders, &c., are scarce, nor does any one keep a stock of yellow metal. Most of the Bermudan pilots are very inexperienced and ignorant, unfit to have charge of a vessel of any size; some are tricky, and will not hesitate to bring a vessel into difficulties if opportunity offers for the sake of gain.

leeve in these places. Oh, no, no, no, no! But that we leeve in this blessit island of oors, Great Breetin. Oh, yes, yes. And in that pairt o' it named Scotland, and in that bit o' Auld Scotland that looks up at Ben Nevis. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Where there's neither frost, nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burnin' suns, nor hurricanes, nor——" Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

A Highland Exhortation.

"Ah, my freends, what causes have we for graatitude. Oh, yes! for the deepest graatitude! Look at the place of our habitaation. How graatful should we be that we do not leeve in the far North. Oh, no! Amidst the frost, and the snaw, and the cauld, and the weet. Oh, no! Where's there's a lang day in the tae-half o' the year. Oh, yes! And a lang nicht the tither. Oh, yes! That we do not depend upon the aurawry boreawl-is. Oh, no. That we do not gang shivering aboot in skins. Oh, no. Smoking amang the snaw like modiwarts. Oh, no, no! And how graatful should we be that we do not leeve in the far South, beneath the equawtor, and a sun aye burnin', burnin', and where the sky's awfu' het. Ah, yes. And the yearth's het, and the water's het, and ye're burnt black as a smiddy. Ah, yes. Where's there's teegars. Oh, yes. And lions. Oh, yes. And crocodiles. Oh, yes. And fearsome beasts, growlin' and grinin' at ye amang the woods. Where the very air is a fever, like the burnin' breath o' a fiery drawgon. That we do not want to

Oil on a Rough Sea.

The efficiency of oil to temper the rage of the waves in storms at sea is now generally recognized, and it is becoming the practice for vessels to take oil with them to be used in this way in cases of extremity. The ship *Glamorganshire* was recently saved in a tempest by the timely use of oil; while a powerful steamer, the *Navarre*, neglecting it, was swept by the waves and went down in the North Sea, on the 6th of March, 1883, with those on board. The oil operates by preventing the waves around the vessel from breaking, and converting them into a heavy swell. *Chambers' Journal* remarks that "ships that leave port unfurnished with oil, in case of emergency, are defrauded of one of their chief elements of safety."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

The Ocean's Dead.

Some startling facts and figures have recently been presented to the British Parliament in the official Blue-book form. The volume is entitled "Shipwrecks," and its

three hundred and forty large quarto pages contain a record of all the losses of British merchant vessels the world over from shipwreck, and also all losses of British merchant vessels by spontaneous combustion of cargo. They do not include fishing vessels, or vessels sunk by collision with ice or floating wrecks, or vessels burned by other causes than spontaneous combustion of cargo. The following table shows the number of steam and sailing vessels foundered and missing during each

year from 1873 to 1880, together with their tonnage and the number of lives lost:—

Year.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Lives lost.
1873.....	336	121,045	2,065
1874.....	319	120,973	1,942
1875.....	224	73,180	1,209
1876.....	288	104,968	1,921
1877.....	232	74,919	1,054
1878.....	24	92,434	990
1879.....	244	95,925	1,324
1880 (Jan.to May 16) 78		45,750	331
Totals	1,965	729,194	10,827

The volume should be called a Black-book, for its records teem with horrors.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE PILOT—CHRIST:—THE CHART—THE BIBLE.

Permit me, sailor friend, being myself the son of a shipmaster, who was, years ago, lost at sea, to offer you some thoughts in a matter of greatest importance to you not less than to me. We are alike voyagers to eternity. Human daring or skill, which may venture amid the perils of an unknown sea, can avail nothing in the utter darkness that shuts down upon the shoreless, fathomless hereafter. Scoffing and doubt, and ridicule now may whistle up a false courage, as one drifts helplessly toward the coming abyss; but the man of true firmness and reflection seriously admits his own ignorance of the course, where no coast line, or soundings, or noon-time observation can point his way. Even the boastful, godless audacity of the infidel is dumb, when it comes to the death launch "without hope."

Yet, happily, although none can return to earth; nor can the places that have known men, know them any more, we are not compelled to embark without sailing-directions, and a pilotage that will ensure our absolute safety. Human pre-

sumption and self-conceit fail to explore or map that ocean of destiny, but the voice of God brooding on the deep cheers the believing soul with promise of unfailing guidance. Is it wiser, better, to cast away fear, and refuse divine instruction, or to meekly put your helm into His hand, who "made the sea," who "inhabitheth eternity," and who, across the death mystery will steer those who trust Him, in safety, and "bring them unto their desired haven?" (*Ps. ciii, 30.*) There is not then for any man the awful necessity of weighing anchor for the voyage of despair. All depends on the welcome acceptance of His pilotage, who, assuming all the risk, takes no risk, for the winds and waves are subject to His will. (*Matt. viii, 27.*) And he teaches all his people the secret of his faultless navigation. Though one cannot go with another on board, yet by the way, quite down to the shore, he can explain what he has learned and commend to the departing, the blessed storm-Ruler, at whose word the furious, cruel sea lies still. Not a few of you

sea-faring men have I met personally, or in the columns of the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE*, to whom the Captain of our Salvation had plainly taught wonderful things full of wisdom and grace. But I began this writing chiefly to urge upon all men of the sea the need and worth of the Bible and of Christ.

You know the value of chronometer, and compass, and navigator and chart, and competent pilotage for safe adventure upon the storm-driven sea. You can well conceive the anxiety of a mariner blown far off his course, and befogged at length near some land not mapped down, of whose adjacent waters he is ignorant, and his compass a falling spar broken during the storm. At his wits end and in great dismay, he is suddenly hailed by a stranger close alongside, professing to be a Pilot, and holding up what he declares to be an official map of that coast. What would you do in such case? Would you raise objections to him and his chart, or order him off and lose precious time, while the strong tide and a land-ward gale are fast drifting the ship upon the reef? Would you dispute his knowledge of the situation, and boast your equal ability to take the vessel in to safe moorings?

I tell you, brothers, the reality with you in life's voyage is not far different. Ere long you will be running down the lee-shore of death, the misty, reef-bound, awful coast, on which the wind drives and the swift tide sets, and no craft has seamanship on board, that can help her crawl off into the open sea. Yet there is a safe haven, if you knew its bearings, and the entrance is narrow, though inside all the soul-craft in the world might ride at ease.

But what can you do? The fog of ignorance and unbelief shuts down thick, and you were never in that latitude before, and know nothing of the rocks and shoals, or how to find and keep the channel-way. If any glimmer of feeble light seems to struggle through the mist, it may be a decoy of wreckers, fiends who would gladly drown a poor soul in perdition. Do you feel helpless? or will you defiantly take the chances?

Hark! some one hails. He heard your signal-gun. He knows your danger. He has made haste alongside to save you,—yes, to save you; for He and He only can. Every foot of that bottom he knows, and the chart he unrolls was made from his own soundings and surveys. It marks the course so plain that the sea-faring “man, though a fool, need not err therein.” (*Isaiah xxxv*, 8.) Will you take him on board? Only with your consent will he come over the side. Do you say you have charts which you think are reliable, that have cost you too much to be lightly thrown aside. Do you doubt his license or his skill? Think quick, man! your only opportunity, the fleet moments are counting away. Alone, you presently perish. Were His credentials open to discussion, still, in his own waters he is presumptively capable. Half a chance of rescue were better than complete destruction. But, indeed, you run no hazard with Him. He can prove to you his thorough familiarity with that coast-line. He never lost a ship. “He is able to save to the uttermost” them who engage him. If time allowed he could shew you ten thousand names of men like you, “ready to perish,” well nigh “drowned in perdition,” but they gave him the

helm. They obeyed his orders. They worked the ship as he directed and were saved, for lo! "God has given him all them that sail with him." "There could not a hair fall from the head of any of them." "I exhort you," saith he, "to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you," and so in every case "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land," (*Acts xxvii.*) Look! that is the Psalmist's signature, *three thousand years old!* not by any means the first attestation, but notable for the graphic record he made of it in the one hundred and seventh Psalm: "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

My brother! you are too old a sailor to crowd sail into the straits of death in the rashness of self-confidence. You would not run such risk with any ship in an unknown sea. Do not stand any farther inshore with your precious soul, and no pilot,—no CHRIST on board. There is not even a chance in trifling with that peril. Over those ragged reefs and treacherous shoals there is no such thing as touch and go. It must be bold water or quick destruction. The blackened ribs of many a wreck darken that gloomy strand. Once more the Pilot hails, "To-day! if ye will hear his voice." "Now is the day of salvation."

Oh! welcome him on deck! Entrust all to him. Presently then he will have taken you inside the reef, beyond the roaring surf, to anchor in heavenly peace. Bend on now the cable of faith. He gives to them who are under his pilotage that Hope which is an an-

chor to the soul, sure and steadfast, bedding his flukes in the holding ground of heaven.

Mendham, N. J. CYGNUS.

Follow Me.

BY REV. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE, D. D.

I was visiting a Christian home a few weeks since, and as I conversed with the mother,—to whom God had given a group of precious little ones,—on the blessedness of working for the Master, and how grandly it paid even in this life, she said, in a despondent tone, "I am so discouraged with myself every day, because I feel that I am doing nothing for my Savior." "How is that?" I asked. "Why, my life is just shut into this nursery. My time is taken up all the day in caring for my children, in mending their clothes, in providing them with food, and in correcting their faults, and I cannot see that I am accomplishing anything grand for Jesus—and," she added with tears, "I do love him so!"

"Doing nothing for Jesus!" It set me to thinking as I walked away from that home. "Doing nothing for Jesus!" Was she doing nothing? Well, what was that mother doing, besides caring for the children's clothing and nourishment? Why, she was pouring her own pure, warm love into those young hearts! She was telling them every day of the heavenly Father, of the mansions where little ones are clothed in white, of the kind Shepherd who loves the lambs and never drops one from his everlasting arms, and by instruction, by prayer, by every word and look of a pure affection, she was training those children to love God, to hate sin, to live for heaven, and filling infant lips with

the praises of Christ. It was a work unnoticed by the busy world, it gained no applause of men, and the feet grew weary with the labor, and the eye, at times, wet with tears of anxiety; but that mother was doing a great work in the estimation of the Master,—a work which the revelation of eternity will stamp as sublime. For if we call him great who planned the Cathedral of St. Peter, with all its massiveness and beauty, if they call the old masters great whose paintings hang on monastery and chapel walls, is not she great who is building up characters for the service of God, who is painting on soul-canvas the beauty and strength of Jesus the Christ? Oh! mothers, who may read these lines, be content to be shut in to the quiet nursery with Jesus and his lambs, for you are doing a greater work than human thought can estimate, a work which might well excite the envy of angels. You are following the Master, and his benediction is your strength and comfort.

And is not this the definition of all Christian work?—following Jesus! And if we are laboring where he appoints, and as he directs, is not our work great? I can remember when, in the beginning of my ministry, I thought that all Christians should publicly speak in the prayer-meeting, and that all should take hold of this and that specific work; and if I could have had my way, it would have been like trying to build a ship by all the workmen making masts, or all adjusting the rudder; or like trying to build a house with the workmen all masons or carpenters. But I have learned that God's vineyard is very large, and that there is an infinite variety of work to be done. Yet all

the work is following Jesus, and it is all for Jesus. The minister may occupy a more prominent part of the field, but all cannot be preachers, and prominence is not the measure of the grandeur of the work. The word of loving warning or invitation dropped in the sinner's ear, on the street or in the counting-room, is as great a work in the Master's estimation as is a sermon an hour long. The visit to some desolate, sin-ruined home, the word of sympathy to the afflicted, the prayer by the sick and dying, they are all work for Jesus; and he rewards gloriously, though no one on earth may see the tired feet of Christ's disciple. The Sunday-school teacher may have but a small class, or it may be that the scholars are restless and inattentive, so that the teacher is tempted to feel that the labor is resulting in no fruit, and that some one else may accomplish more than he is doing; but the one question should be, Am I following Jesus? Am I seeking his guidance and his strength in every word and act? If so, then work on, labor on, pray on, confident that "ye shall reap if ye faint not." And the more earnest the prayer, the more entire the dependence upon Almighty power, the more clearly will God flash the light of his wisdom upon your path, and the more quickly will the harvest grain appear.

In the museum at Rotterdam is a rough, uninteresting painting,—it is more a daub than a painting, and the keenest observer cannot discover any mark on it of genius or of skill. By its side hangs a master-piece, whose value is almost beyond calculation. The artist of the two is the same,—the renowned Rembrandt,—and years of patient, earnest study and toil

intervene between the two paintings. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we can toil on,—we can make daubs,—and the touch of Jesus' hand will transform our daubs into masterpieces.

"Follow thou me," the following and the "me" linked together, work and fellowship married on Calvary. "Follow thou me,"—willing service, individual service, joyous service, steady, uninterrupted service for him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter for us. Christian, are you working? The deep roar of earthly trade sounds in your ears, fashion and pleasure are tempting you. "It will be a gay winter," said one to me a day or two ago. But the work, the work for Christ, the following in his bloody footprints, this must not suffer, and this is your supreme privilege. Charles, the twelfth king of Sweden, when besieged in Stralsund, was one day dictating a letter to his secretary, when a bombshell from the enemy's camp came crashing through the house, and burst close to the room where they sat, tearing it in pieces. The report was so loud that it seemed as if the whole house was destroyed, and the frightened secretary let the pen fall from his hand. "What's the matter?" said the king, with a perfectly composed countenance; "why do you not continue writing?" "Most gracious sire," replied the secretary, "the bombshell!" "Well," said the king, "what has the bombshell to do with the letter? Go on with the writing." And what has the world to do with our work for Christ? What right have its gayeties and wealth to stop your sowing and your reaping in the vineyard? And, oh, the work! how grand it

is; for we are working for a King, and he pays royally as we labor. How pressing it is! for on every side are hearts to be comforted, burdens to be lifted, souls to be saved. How joyous it is, leaning on the Beloved as we drop the seed, eating grapes of Eschol as we toil on in the wilderness. And how short the service,—only an hour, and then evening comes, and then the rest by the river of life, the hallelujahs of the redeemed, the crown heavy with stars, and the rapturous vision of his face which was marred for our salvation, but whose radiance of love illumines all the city of our God. In that city, before that glorified face, crowned by the pierced hand, in the vast choir of ecstatic joy, may you and I meet to hear the Master say, "Thou hast been faithful!"—*S. S. Times.*

Take—Break—Make.

BY REV. R. L. STANTON, D. D.

In June, 1880, the writer heard an address delivered by the Rev. Theodore Monod, an evangelical pastor of Paris, at the Mildmay Conference Hall, in London, during which he gave an account of his ripe religious experience. Mr. Monod is well known in the United States, received his theological training here, and has visited this country since then. He is every inch a Frenchman, though cosmopolitan in his religious instincts, and, as an evangelical worker, unites readily with all Christian people.

The time referred to in Mildmay Hall, was when the annual meeting, lasting three days, was held there. Three thousand persons were present. Mr. Monod spoke several times. He speaks English equally well with French.

The time in his religious experience of which he spoke on this occasion was not at his conversion, but when he was, by consecration of faith, seeking higher and fuller blessings. His prayer was, "*Take me, Lord; I give all to thee.*" This was his consecration. He "held nothing back; it was a complete surrender."

But he was not satisfied. He did not find peace and rest. Nor did he find joy in gospel labors, nor have success in them. He then prayed still more earnestly, "*Make me, Lord, successful in thy service; I would win souls to Christ.*" Still he did not find peace. His "work was formal;" his "spiritual life lifeless." He read, pondered, prayed, examined his heart and life, searched the Scriptures, but was ill at ease; his soul-longings were as great as ever, and as little satisfied. At length the Holy Spirit opened to him the depths of his heart,—revealed to him unholy ambitions, inordinate self-love, self-seeking desires,—and he began to see that his heart was but a cage of unclean birds; and he prayed for deliverance. The Spirit revealed to him that his self-renunciation was far from complete, and that Christ must "thoroughly purge his floor," and "burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

Mr. Monod at last discovered his difficulty. He had been made to see the predominance of *self*, and that this idol must be utterly demolished,—that self must be wholly crucified. "I felt and saw," said he, "that I must be *broken all to pieces*, and formed anew, that God might *take me and make me* fit for his service. I had prayed, '*Take me, and make me;*' but I now saw that a new process was needful, and so I prayed, '*Break me upon Thy wheel, until I am made meet for thee!*'"

"Yes," said he, "these three words make up the needed prayer, '*Take, break, make;*' a prayer which we must all offer, and the necessities of which we must all sooner or later learn, if we would rest in Christ in peace, and be successful in winning souls to him. This consecration, and truth, and 'baptism of the Holy Spirit,' constitute the trio of prime necessities for all Christ's people!"

The effect of this address was thrilling, as its plaintive notes fell upon the vast assembly. It reveals the *root* difficulty in many a Christian soul—the dominance of *self*. This idol, so inwoven with our very being, must be "broken all to pieces," as Mr. Monod said of himself—completely ground to powder, "purged" from the soul, and "burned up in chaff."

It is the middle term of this three-worded prayer which we too much lose sight of. Every earnest Christian may be ready to say, "*Take me,*" and many may also add, "*Make me* what thou wilt;" but how few are willing to say, "*Break me!*" How few are willing to be "purged" and "burned" until every particle of dross is cast out and every bit of chaff is consumed. The world and all its idols must be renounced, as the condition of acceptance by and peace in Christ. This prayer in three words should be adopted and urged by every one seeking full consecration,—"*Take, break, make,*"—with special emphasis upon the middle word.—*Triumphs of Faith.*

What is Good News to a Man Who Feels Himself Lost?

I was deeply impressed the other day with a sentence in a letter I received from a person at a

distance, in which he states: "The Gospel as (sometimes) preached in our day, is of no use to a man *who feels himself to be lost.*"

When a man has broken the laws of his country, and is under sentence of death, he paces the floor of his gloomy cell, looks through the iron grate, and thinks of the fearful morrow. That is something like being lost as to this world. Let us go down the dark passage, and speak to him at the iron grate. Hark! how he groans! What will you say to him? Would a lecture on morality do? Would you tell him to be a good man, and keep the laws of his country? Would he not reply, "You very much mistake my case; that sort of talk is no help to me at all; my life is forfeited; I am under the sentence of death"? Poor lost one! Would it help him if you engaged to keep the laws of his country for him! Not in the least: the law demands his life, and the day is fixed. The only way of keeping the law for him would be to die in his stead; and the only great news that would meet his case would be the free pardon of his sovereign.

Such is the case of an awakened sinner, who feels *himself lost*. This world to him is a condemned cell. The Devil roars in his conscience, *Guilty! guilty!* He has tried to be innocent; he has pleaded,—“Not so guilty as my neighbors;” he has tried “to mend;” he has tried to keep the law of God, but has broken it more and more. And now, trembling with guilt and fear, Conscience, the Devil’s jailer, has turned the heavy bolt of the iron gate of *despair*.

Reader, art thou the man? Have I described thy condition?

art thou one who feelest thyself lost? Then hearken; I will tell thee of One who came to seek and to save the lost. I come not to thy iron gate to tell thee what thou must do. Nothing that thou canst do can save thee from thy dark, condemned cell, nor thy future fearful doom. I tell thee, if the Spirit of God has thus made thee feel thou art lost, I have good news from Heaven to thee. There sits Jesus, at the right hand of the Majesty on high; that is the blessed One who came, in pity, to this condemned cell,—who took the sinner’s place, and died, the just for the unjust. Hadst thou forfeited thy life? He gave up His own, even to the death of the cross. Hadst thou forfeited heaven? He left it, to become a man of sorrows. Oh think of the glory of this mighty Savior! He knew that nothing short of His very life’s-blood could meet thy guilty, condemned state. He gave it freely. What plenteous redemption through that precious blood! Thou hadst sinned against God, and God is satisfied, justified, glorified by this precious sacrifice. God hath raised Him from the dead, “and through Him is preached the forgiveness of sins,”—free, full, everlasting forgiveness. Through Him, not through thy doing, and *by Him*, not by thy doing, thou and all that believe *are justified* from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

The door is open: come out, and rejoice in the gospel, that suits the man who feels *himself* to be lost.

C. S.

“Precious Blood.”

Blood, which is the life, is precious according to the rank of the animal or of the person whose

blood it is. The blood of a lamb is more precious than that of a bird, and the blood of a bullock than that of a lamb, and the blood of a human being than that of a bullock. But suppose that the man be not merely a man, but *God-man*, both human and divine, then his blood is greatly enhanced in value; it is infinitely precious. But Christ, the Son of God, who came to be the Savior of the world, is Immanuel, God with us. He was man, and yet He was more than man and more than angel. He was not less than God. Thus is it written of Him:—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." It was of Him that John wrote:—"This is the true God and eternal life." How precious then must His blood be! Nothing in the universe can equal its value. Peter, speaking of the price of our redemption, says,—
 "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." So precious is that blood that it has power to do for us what nothing else can do:—it "cleanseth us from all sin."

"Not all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they."

H. S.

How a Dane Found the Light.

BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D.

On the western coast of Denmark there lived an intelligent farmer, with a family of well-

trained children. The parents were worthy members of the Lutheran church. The children, being regular attendants on the church services, and having faithfully learned the Catechism, were confirmed by the Lutheran pastor as regular members of the church.

But one boy, George, in this family, was not satisfied with his spiritual state. He had not found peace. His heart was troubled. He felt there was great darkness and dearth within him, which neither attending church services nor partaking of the ordinances removed. Boy as he was, he was hungering and thirsting after a righteousness he struggled in vain to find. By-and-by he timidly approached the minister and stated his case as well as he could, and asked to be shown more light. He knew there must be more, and his soul craved it.

"More light!" said the minister, "you astonish me. What sins have you been committing?"

"Not any, sir," said George, "but I have got a bad heart, and I am unhappy. I want more light."

"Why, my son, do you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, every day, twice."

"Can you repeat the Ten Commandments? Let me hear you."

George at once went through the Commandments with great fluency.

"Now go through the Catechism," and the young man did it with accuracy and without hesitation.

"Well, well," said the pastor, "there is no trouble with you. You are all right. You have got some strange notion in your head. Go home and be a good boy and be happy."

George went home dissatisfied.

He failed to get the light, do the best he could. He ventured to see the preacher once again, but he was turned off as a troubler of the good man.

While working in the field by the sea, the ships passed out from the harbor, and sailing over the German Ocean towards England disappeared in the dim distance. George said to himself day after day, as he saw them go,

"There is more to be known about religion where they go than my pastor can tell me. There must be more light, and I will go and find it. I must get more light."

After long importunity, his father consented to his departure. With a bounding heart he went down to the docks and found a ship soon to depart for New York. He applied to the captain, asking to work his way on the ship, and was roughly sent away. After a little he came back and pleaded his case eloquently. The captain told him to go away and trouble him no more.

George went away heavy-hearted, and as he journeyed homeward he saw a little thicket of pines near the road, and he went into it and kneeled down, and opened his heart to God in prayer, asking God to change the captain's heart. When he arose his burden was wonderfully lightened, and he went directly back to the ship and told the captain if he would take him to New York he would do anything for him, he would sleep anywhere, and eat anything.

The captain said, "You are a plucky fellow to face me three times. I fancy there must be something in you. Get aboard."

On the voyage he was very helpful and found favor with the captain. One Sunday afternoon

in mid-ocean a lady gave him a leaflet with these words. "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." That afternoon, as he sat, and read, and thought, the light broke into his soul like the morning.

"We 'are God's children," he reflected, "not by saying creeds, and catechisms, and going to sacraments, but by faith in Christ Jesus. I have got the light. I have found that something that I wanted, thank God."

The lady conversed with him and gave him a New Testament, and he soon found this,—“Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ,” and his soul was filled with gladness to overflowing.

At New York he got a place in a bakery, by the side of a good Christian member of Dr. W. R. Williams' Baptist church, which he attended, and made great progress in the Christian life. His Bible was open before him as he toiled, and at night he fairly ate the word, as hungry men did the bread he kneaded. He said, "I am the happiest young man in the world. I make bread that perisheth, and I eat the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger." He sent by letter many a loaf to his father and friends in Denmark. He removed to St. Louis, and in due time was married, and has a comfortable home and a group of pleasant children.

He has never lost the light, nor the Bread of Life, nor the power of prayer. Here is an instance. Two days before Christmas, not long since, he went to a toy bazar for presents for his household. He had \$26 in his purse, but could spend only two dollars, as he owed \$24 to workmen and had promised

to pay them. In the crowd his purse was taken, and he could get no trace of it, though the store was faithfully searched. He stated the case to the clerk, and returned home and went to the upper chamber, and bowing before God asked him to make the money hot in the pocket of the thief, that he might return it, as years before he had wrestled with God in the pine-thicket to soften the captain's hard heart. The next day at three o'clock he went to the chamber again and prayed as aforetime, and rose lightened of the burden, and went directly to the store. The clerk saw him coming, and held up the purse to his delighted vision, and opening it everything was found in it safely preserved but one horse-car ticket. A man had come and laid it down before the clerk a few minutes before the owner appeared, saying some one must have lost it, and swiftly departed. — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"He Leadeth Me."

A boy was being examined for admission to the church. When he had finished a modest statement of his loyalty to Christ and his acceptance of Him as his Redeemer, he was asked how he expected to be able to keep close to his Savior and not to be led astray. "I," said he, his face brightening, "I will just put my hand in His and He will lead me right along."

The boy had learned the lesson of complete submission to the Divine will, and under the guiding, paternal care of God he felt that he could never lose his way. The highest type of spiritual life is found in those whose intercourse with God is unbroken and who dwell continually under the shadow of the Almighty. There the soul is safe; storms of doubt and despair may assail it, but its fortifications are secure. The Almighty is its protector, and against Him no assaults of the enemy can be successful. — *Benj. F. Hubbard.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Labrador Coast, N. A.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

No report we have published from the Mission has given a more life-like picture of its work than that now printed, lately received from the Treasurer of the Ladies' Mission Society in Montreal, through whom our remittances in aid of its support are made. It came to the Canadian Society from Rev. GEORGE ROGER, the missionary at the Station, and covers operations for portions of the year 1882 and nearly all of 1883.

Arrival.

"When we arrived here, Sept. 16th,

1882, we were kindly received and much helped by Mr. WHITELEY, who continues to be a great friend to Mission and Missionaries. On our arrival people were not prepared to go into winter-quarters, so we remained at Bonne Esperance for five weeks, putting mission and private property in order, visiting people who lived near, and conducting ordinary services, which were attended on an average by thirty people, who always listened with much attention to the preaching of God's word.

Buildings and Families.

"On the 20th of October, following the example of our neighbors, we re-

moved to our house in the Bay of St. Paul's River. There we found the buildings and Mission property in a wretched condition, and they had to be attended to by ourselves, as every one around was engaged making their own house fit to live in. As there had been no missionaries in the settlement during the preceding year, a number of families had left it, and as they did not know long before of our coming, they could not gather round us for the last winter. So there were only six houses in it beside our own. In two of these two families lived in each, two and a-half miles further up the river there were other six houses, and still further up were other three. Between us and the coast at various distances and in different directions lived the other inhabitants, many of whom are Roman Catholics.

Sabbath Attendance.

"Under these circumstances and with the addition of an unusual severe winter we could not expect large attendances at our services. On the Sabbath our morning and evening services and Sabbath-school would be attended by from twenty to thirty-five people. Adding the attendances of Sabbath and week-day meetings will give us an average attendance of one hundred and thirty people weekly during the winter months. Some of the people who thus met with us walked or rode from two and a-half to ten miles through deep snow, exposed to the blast and severe frost. Often the thermometer was 35 and even 40 below zero. Yet their hungering and thirsting for the word of life made them willing to leave their comfortable homes and face such difficulties, to be able to meet with God's people, and to listen to the message of salvation.

The Working of God.

"We are glad to add that often we felt that the Lord was working in our midst, strengthening his own and convincing others of their need of Salvation! Yet I cannot state with certainty a real case of conversion. Christian work in a place like this is generally quiet and hidden. In our weekly prayer-meeting several members took part in prayer, and in the women's prayer-meeting, conducted by Mrs. ROGER and Miss CORY, nearly all who met with them took part, not in formal prayer but in a real out-pouring of their heart's desire to God for blessings to themselves and others.

Visitation.

"Owing to the severe winter and my want of knowledge of places there was not much visiting to places far removed from the mission. Visiting here, we find, can not be done regularly, only when circumstances make it possible. However, the visits made have been much valued. We have always met a warm reception, and generally had an attentive ear.

On the Coast.

"During the month of March ('83), I went along the coast eastward for sixty miles, distributing papers of a religious nature, reading, praying and conversing with the people in their homes, and in the evenings when a few could be gathered together we had services which were attended by numbers, varying from thirteen to sixty. All present listened with much attention to every word spoken. On leaving each settlement invitations were given us to make another visit soon. During my absence from home at that time I had addressed about four hundred people, who seldom or ever hear the Gospel preached, and had time permitted twice that number might have been dealt with about their soul's salvation. I am (D. V.) going eastward again next week. Much good could be done in this way if the missionary had a boat and dog-sledge at his command.

Summer Work.

"We came to Bonne Esperance on the 20th of April. Soon after that date the ice became bad so that few people could attend our services, and visiting by us was altogether an impossibility. The ice continued in this dangerous condition until the 14th of June.

"During summer our work has been rather trying; for during the first part of the season fishing was a failure. So all were down in spirits, and people whose vessels used to lie in our harbor, kept moving about hither and thither, they knew not where. Our services suffered, of course, by the fluctuation of those who generally worshipped there during summer, and those who did meet with us were worried about other things. We could only pray for them and encourage them to call on the Lord, and ask him not to visit us with judgment as we deserved. Soon after there was abundance of fish. Our Sabbath morning attendances have ranged from thirty-five to one hundred and fifty, and the evening attendances from twenty to two hundred; our Sab-

bath-school attendances from fifteen to fifty.

"We visit people who live near our summer-residence weekly, distributing religious papers, reading, praying or conversing with them as there is opportunity. Those living at a distance we have not been able to visit regularly, as we have no boat; but occasional visits have been much valued by their recipients.

"Fishing and other vessels lying in our harbor are visited weekly. Some weeks there are few, and at other times there have been thirty, forty and fifty vessels anchored in the harbor. On boarding these I am generally invited to the cabin where often there is an opportunity of entering into conversation about spiritual things, with the warm-hearted Christian as well as with the careless and hardened sinner. The parcels of papers and tracts made up for each vessel are always received with gratitude, and invitations given to attend services are generally not forgotten.

"Other ports than our own have also been visited, where services have been held in some house, or on the deck of a fishing-schooner. Much of this kind of work could be done along the coast, and I hope it will be begun next year. To be able to do this I am now trying to procure a suitable boat, trusting that this will have the committee's approval."

Incidental Work and Benefit—The Church.

"During both summer and winter many have been benefited by medicines received from the Mission. Library books have been lent. Several Bibles have been given to those in want of such, yet not able to buy them.

"Including missionaries there are now twelve church members here. One has joined since our arrival; we hope to receive others as members soon. Others again who have got good in connection with the mission would join us, but are hindered by relations who are English Church people. We have about eighty adherents, including children, *i. e.* those who are here all the year round.

Week Day School.

"During winter the week-day school was well attended, considering the few people near us. The scholars made good progress. Miss CORY went into the work of teaching with a whole heart, being much attached to the children and they to her. Those attending school in winter

are too far off to attend now. So she has at this time a new race of children altogether. But some of the children with us now and several others will be added to the number of scholars that attended school last winter. We hope to have twice the number of families around us during the coming winter, and that school and church will both be better attended. And our heart's desire and prayer is that we may also have more of our Master's spirit and presence, so that our labor may be crowned with success.

Prayers Asked.

"We are very thankful to have the prayers and sympathy of Christian friends. In return we shall not forget to pray for such that God may water their own souls, while they are wrestling with him for blessings to others."

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In October, November and December, 1883, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT preached 59 sermons, held 25 prayer-meetings and Bible classes, and twenty-six other religious meetings, besides visiting on 74 vessels and distributing 1,600 pages of religious reading matter. His reception by seamen was "with thankfulness." He mentions several cases of interest in religious matters met with on shipboard, and says that at Råa, the fishing place one-half a Swedish mile south of Helsingborg, with about 3,000 inhabitants, many sailors and fishermen heard the word of salvation. In the evening meetings several persons had inquired for the way of life in Jesus, and afterwards confessed their joy and peace in believing upon His name.

GEFLE.

There being a "dryness" among Christians in Gefle during the latter portion of the year '83, it was decided to hold prayer-meetings every evening for two weeks before Christmas. These the Lord blessed, says Mr. ERIKSSON, seamen's missionary, in his last report,—"*the children of God were strengthened, and some sinners were converted.*"

"Out in the country," he adds,—“the Christians have been more lively than in the town. When navigation for the season ended, I went out on the south coast, between Gefle and Stockholm, walking from village to village and preaching the word to multitudes of hearers every evening. Neither rain or snow, or darkness have prevented their coming to our meetings. The Lord has blessed His word, and rejoiced the hearts of His children. Some seamen have received peace, most of them being young men.” On a voyage to Westears he aided in a meeting of preachers and elders; at Upsala he preached and the congregation felt the presence of the Lord.

ISLE OF GOTHLAND.

Writing from Buttle and Wisby, the aged JOHN LINDELIUS, sailor-missionary since 1848, says:—“My health is weak, and my strength has decreased. Perhaps the message soon cometh—‘come a little higher up!’ I am content with the will of the Lord. May He Himself prepare me for that voyage! I am glad that during this quarter (ending Dec. 31st, '83,) He has granted me to do a little for the kingdom of God. I will try to do what I can for it, and hope to be enclosed in the kindness and prayers of my honored Society. I wish it a good New Year, great progress, peace and blessing in all its work. God be with us!”

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. A. WOLLESON, seamen's missionary, wrote with much gratitude to God, at the close of last year, in view of His blessing upon work at the Bethel Ship:—

The Work in Gross.

“The result has been,” he says, “that a large number of sons and husbands, who have been lost to their parents and families, and dead in trespasses and sin have, through the preaching of the word, been convinced of their errors, and being

led to know their lost condition, have returned unto the long-rejected and despised Friend, who offered them a ready welcome. Their experience has been that their happiest moments now are spent upon their knees, drinking out of the Master's cup, and feeding out of His hand, like the poor man's ewe lamb in Nathan's parable.

“The influence of our Mission has been felt for good in distant lands, but especially does my soul rejoice in the knowledge that pure religion has evidently gained ground this last year among our Scandinavian sea-faring population. The many thousands who during the year have been within the reach and influence of our efforts, a goodly number bringing the little leaven to their different homes, which were formerly poor and neglected, assure this. Often do I receive communications as to the changes now realized, the happy and comfortable homes with the family altar, and the songs of praise. On the great day there will be some from distant corners in this part of the land, who will pay their tribute unto Him who is worthy, for the efforts of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Numbers express their warmest gratitude to it, who years ago were of the long-neglected Scandinavian seamen.

Hospital Visitation, Etc.

“Hospitals, asylums and other institutions have been visited. I have prayed with the sick and dying, and comforted them with that word which bringeth salvation. I have endeavored to bring the patients to serve and please God, and prepare them for that hour when heart and flesh shall fail. I have encouraged them to rely in the hour of death on the faith that God would be the strength of the believing heart, and their portion for ever, and in my mind there are many hallowed associations connected with these visits, which often have been of the deepest interest.

On Shipboard—At The Bethel.

“I have visited 3,000 ships, of nine nationalities, supplied the crew with suitable reading as well as furnished them with the Holy Scriptures in their own language. Our Bethel Ship has been open daily from 5 to 10 p. m. for reading, and writing, and for private devotion. We have had public service three or four times every week. Besides this,

brother NIELSEN, one of our workers, has rendered valuable service to those who emigrate to America, and I am in receipt of large numbers of letters with the best of news about it. I take a few lines from a couple of them, translated by a Christian gentleman, as follows:—

“*Rev. Mr. Wolleson*:—I received your welcome letter, for which receive my heartfelt thanks. I am happy to hear that you still remember me in your prayers, for I do feel the need of them. I must confess my thoughts are often too wandering. I pray the dear Jesus to make me more obedient, and ask for grace to rely more on Him. Then I should experience a larger measure of His love and power in my soul, and be more like the salt which lost not its savor.

“*When I recall the time I was in C., there were but two persons who I remember comforted me and assisted me when I was in need,—dear Mrs. W. and yourself. It is therefore with a son's love I think of you, and pray God to reward you for all your affection shown unto me.*”

“Another writes from London, expressing thanks for the many blessed hours in the Bethel Ship here. ‘Never shall I forget the pious endeavors put forth to reach the prodigals, of which I was one. I believe I have saving faith now, but I have not the peace and rest that are now always for me the highest blessing in experience. I beg of you, dear sir, to pray for me.’

At Elsinore.

“Mr. COULTHARD has in the past year been in daily attendance upon the Seamen's Mission. He has distributed religious reading, given invitations to seamen to attend to the means of grace, and provided for them in the Mission. There have been services every week, and the Rev. Mr. BERTELSEN, formerly in London, has done all to make the Mission attractive and prosperous.

At Korsor.

“The Mission in Korsor has been kept up. A pious Christian man invites and befriends the seamen; but the preacher in charge in Korsor has done little or nothing for the Mission, so there is little spiritual work going on there. I have many invitations to come to preach, but

as my time is so busily taken up I can only pay one visit every year.

The Sailor's Home in Aarhus.

“Mr. JOHN MAENSSEN with his excellent wife are in daily attendance, and have rendered valuable services to many seamen.

Asks For Prayer.

“I implore Christian brethren to pray for us and for the prosperity of Zion in these regions. Although I state that religion has gained ground among this people I see clearly also that the enemy has been sowing his tares. We have great obstacles and hindrances, but I hope and pray that the Lord of all mercies may endow our workers with grace to endure and persevere in our great work for the Master.”

ODENSE.

Rev. F. L. RYMKER, missionary, in 1883, visited 1,088 vessels, sold 113 Bibles and 311 Testaments, besides distributing 83,300 pages of tracts, with 613 Scripture texts.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Mr. JAMES HITCHENS, missionary, forwards a succinct and vivid picture of his work for the year 1883. We quote:—

Afloat.

“Through the continued liberality of Mr. EDWARD CHAPLIN, Chairman of the local committee, who for the last two years has provided a man at his own cost to row the missionary to the ships on the river and in the harbor, a large number of vessels were visited. Thousands of pages of reading matter were distributed in ten different languages, and many opportunities offered for personal conversation. Several meetings were also held of an encouraging character.

Ashore.

“At the Institute about two hundred and forty meetings of various kinds were held, attended by about eight thousand seamen, including meetings for Scandinavians, and meetings for the promo-

tion of temperance, at which ninety-one pledges were taken. During the winter a free concert was given every Monday evening, and three free teas and entertainments were provided by the chairman and another member of the committee, and by English and American ladies who reside in Hamburg, to two hundred and thirty seamen at Christmas, and on New Year's day and at Easter. We need not say how much the sailors appreciate and enjoy what is provided for them at the Institute. They can best testify to the benefits and blessings received at these gatherings. This we can say that not a few regard the Institute as a moral safeguard and refuge from the temptations of the city.

Reading Room.

"Here sailors come to write their letters. Pen, ink and paper are provided free for them, together with newspapers, the *Shipping Gazette*, periodicals and useful books, etc., etc., and on the evenings when no meetings are being held, innocent amusements and games of skill complete the attractions at the Institute, to which nearly ten thousand seamen come during the year.

Thanks—The "Parish Visitor."

"We gratefully acknowledge with sincere thanks the many valuable gifts of books and papers sent to the Institute, some coming every month from New York. One paper, the *Parish Visitor*, is especially valued and well read.

Seamen Aiding.

"To the question, what are the sailors doing, themselves? we are pleased to say, that they are doing what they can to help sustain and make the Institute attractive and inviting. In addition to their annual subscriptions, the captains have bought some large chromo pictures for their reading-room, and the sailors in addition to their weekly offerings in the Bethel Box, which amounted to 310 marks, also bought pictures for their reading-room, and in other ways rendered valuable help.

Results.

"The nature and calling of the men among whom we labor preclude us from following up results. We perhaps see an inquirer once or twice and he is gone to sea again, perhaps never to return, or to be shut up for months in the ship with thoughtless and persecuting shipmates.

Still we can follow them with our prayers to Him 'who compasseth the path,' and 'whose ears are open to the cry of the contrite one.' Nevertheless we have every reason to believe that there were many decisions for Christ from among the sailors, who have gone to sea in ships from Hamburg, to witness for Jesus."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Reporting for the year 1883, Rev. ARTHUR POTTS, chaplain, writes:—

"The chapel services have been the central work, and have been encouraging. The character of the congregation, its reverent manner, the enthusiasm of the singing, the general use of Bibles in finding the text, and following the reading of the Scriptures, the fixed and unwavering attention to the sermon, all encourage the minister to believe that the good seed is 'falling into good ground.'

The Congregation.

"Our congregation differs from the majority in consisting in great part of men, a congregation of which the 'better half' is probably in England, or the United States, waiting and praying for the safe return of their loved ones.

"Of the large army of officers, engineers and seamen on the *Red Star* line of steamers, many are regular attendants at the chapel services when in port, while the families of those resident here are constant worshippers with us. Another large class, though not seamen, are their "cousins," being shipping merchants, ship chandlers, and clerks, who if they do not go *upon* the sea in ships, yet go down to the sea and do business on the waters. Besides these we have a number of our most prominent citizens, whose places are seldom vacant, and whom I hope will become permanently interested in the Society.

"God's providences in sickness and death open the ears and hearts of the people here as in other places, and I have had a number of opportunities to minister to the dying and comfort the mourning.

At Hospital.

"I find men in all conditions in my weekly visit to the hospital, and they seem glad to see me, and listen to my

message. Victims of accident, storms, fevers, scaldings, broken limbs, stabblings, are brought there, perhaps for me to speak to, at least so I choose to think, and occasional letters received after the return home of some of them encourage me to feel that what I have said has been blessed.

Steps for a New Sailors' Home.

"The Scandinavian church has been taking steps for founding a Sailors' Home, and have already raised quite a sum toward the object. The British, United States and Norwegian consuls are coöperating, and are talking of renting two very pleasantly located houses for the experiment.

Weekly Entertainments.

"The Antwerp Committee have reopened the weekly entertainments at the 'Institute,' for the winter. I gave the opening lecture on 'What I saw in Egypt,' and expect before the course closes to give another, on my 'Ride through Palestine.'"

France.

HAVRE.

Mr. C. J. HEPPELL, missionary, in 1883 wrought 3,644 hours, among seamen, making 1,350 visits to vessels and to the reading-room, held 230 religious services, and 44 temperance entertainments, enrolling two-score men among pledge-signers, and reaching nearly 36,000 sailors by his ministrations.

MARSEILLES.

The last communication of Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON, chaplain, gives so comprehensive and clear a view of work done at this station, that we print it entire.

"The mission work here, as you are aware, is exclusively in the hands of the Church of England. I am assisted by Mr. WILLIAMS, the scripture reader, whose stipend is paid partly by the English Seamen's Mission Society, and partly by the Bishop of Gibraltar. I can speak in the highest terms of his unremitting devotion to his work. He spends six

hours daily in visiting the shipping, in distributing tracts and printed notices of the Sunday services, and in conversing with the men and officers. He is also most useful in piloting the men to the Sunday services at the Church and Home.

Chaplain's Sunday Duties.

"My Sunday duties comprise two full services at the English church, a religious service at the hospital, and a fourth service at the Sailors' Home. The latter always seems to me the most real work of the day. It is an informal service of praise and prayer. We sing Moody and Sank-ey's hymns, have prayer, partly from the prayer-book, partly extemporary. A chapter or part of a chapter is read, and a stirring address is given. These services are much liked by the sailors and often form the subject of conversation on board ship. If only the vessels remained longer in port, we could be sure of a very large attendance. But it is in the nature of our work that we cannot see its results, 'casting our bread upon the waters in the hope that we may find it after many days.' I am thankful, however, to note a readier and heartier welcome on board ship both for myself and Mr. Williams, and increased facilities for conversing with the men.

Visitation.

"At no port on the Mediterranean is the work of visitation so laborious as here, owing to the vast extent of the docks, and the fact that the vessels are scattered, one here, one there, in six different basins or docks. The Home, which is on the central dock of the Joliette, is two miles distant from the outlying ships, and a dark and dreary walk it is for the sailors on a winter night. The average attendance is from 15 to 60, according to the number of ships in harbor.

Sailors' Home.

"The Home, besides its other uses, supplies a meeting place and refuge for all sailors when they come ashore. It is well supplied with books, magazines and newspapers, and also with games, such as drafts and dominoes, besides facilities for writing letters, free of expense. It is our object to make the men feel that the room is their own, that it belongs exclusively to them, and many of them are glad to learn that there is such a refuge for them when they come on shore.

In Hospital.

"The average number of sailors in hospital is from 5 to 13. I have held forty-seven services there during the past year, besides visits during the week, and even daily when required. The distances are great. The hospital is two miles from the church, and three from the port. Besides occasional visits I have also held, during the past year, eleven religious services in the jail.

"Notwithstanding the importance of my work as chaplain to the little community here, I yet feel that my chief mission is to the sailors, and I desire to take this opportunity to express the deep sense of gratitude I owe to your Society for the confidence they have placed in me, and the support they have given me."

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, appointed seamen's chaplain for this port, had reached Callao, Peru, on the 28th Dec., '83, and wrote to us, thence, with high hope, and anticipation of soon reaching his field of labor.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

The last quarterly report from Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, speaks of the presence, in harbor, of the U. S. Flag-ship *Richmond*, and his pain at finding

her chaplain very ill and in hospital. By the chaplain's request, and with U. S. Capt. SKERRETT's cordial approval, Mr. A. did as much as was possible towards carrying on the chaplain's duties while the latter was kept from them. For some six or seven weeks he went on board to conduct divine services, Capt. Skerrett placing the steam launch at his disposal, and at other times when Navy duties allowed.

The following are statistics of the quarter's work done by Mr. A.:—

Number of visits to the hospitals, 29; services held, 36; temperance meetings, 9; Bible classes, 2; visits to prisons, 9; visits to ships, 8; visitors to reading-room, 752; attendance at meetings held at the mission, 344; seamen's letters sent and received, 15.

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

"I beg most sincerely to thank you and the Society, for their very kind and generous donation," says U. S. Consul HUTCHINSON, through whom our funds in aid of the harbor mission are transmitted,—"and I am glad to be in a position to say that the work here among seamen is productive of much good. Mr. SMART, missionary, will also acknowledge your kind assistance."

At Ports In the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary at the Sailors' Home since 1869, in applying to our Board of Trustees for "a little more money than usual," to relieve some of the great suffering among destitute seamen's widows and families, which, this winter, presses upon his hands and heart, sent for inspection, his Record Books, containing an account of every dollar he has ever received and expended in such beneficence, and an abstract by which it ap-

peared that the total amount up to January, 1884, was \$6,969.59. It need hardly be added that this good man's request was heeded and complied with.

BROOKLYN, U. S. NAVY YARD.

Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$40 from Mr. HENRY C. ELLIS of B., which has enabled him to furnish the Sailors' Library Hall and reading-room, on Cob Dock, with a full supply of the best popular magazines. These, with the goodly num-

ber of daily and weekly papers, both religious and secular, previously supplied, mainly by the sailors' own subscriptions, make a very complete provision for their united instruction and entertainment.

VAN BRUNT ST. BETHEL.

At this chapel, on Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 3rd, Rev. E. O. BATES, chaplain, rejoiced to see a stalwart Scandinavian sailor coming in with a companion, and under great concern for his soul's salvation. Seating himself, with head bowed, he began to cry out, in his native tongue,—“Pray for me! Pray for me!”—and the place was a veritable “Bochim.” Other seamen, on the same Sabbath, gave evidence that the Holy Spirit strove with them for their good.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Rev. C. E. CHICHESTER, who succeeds Rev. L. H. SHUCK as chaplain,—the latter having accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Paducah, Ky.,—was detached for this work by and from Harmony Presbytery. He wrote, January 25th, that he entered upon his duties the previous Sabbath (20th). Besides Sabbath services at the Bethel and in the Sabbath School, he has commenced a prayer meeting in the Sailors' Home, on Wednesday evening.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.

The fifth annual report of the Floating Bethel has come to hand from chaplain J. D. JONES. The attendance at meetings in 1883, was 10,427, and visitors at the reading room who left their signatures numbered 6,568. More than a thousand, sailors and others, rose, during the twelve-month, and at the religious services, for prayer,—and of these some began the new life in Christ. An undenominational

church has been organized in connection with the Bethel, with 33 members. The missionary committee, ship-keeper and chaplain made, in ten months, 571 family visits, mostly among the sick. Expenses for the year were \$3,336 36.

“Free to All”—In Memoriam
Frederick Marquand, Esq.

BY DENIS WORTMAN, D. D.

Suggested by seeing the legend “FREE TO ALL,” on Mr. Marquand's large Portfolio.

Yes, symbol of the friend revered
Whom we with grateful mind recall,
‘On all his work, his wealth, his heart,
He wrote out plainly,—“Free to All!”

Not vainly sought his open home
The poor in spirit or in bread,
To princely causes princely helps,—
To lowliest just as cheerful aid.

Yet not along the public way
Where an applauding world would see,
In quiet nooks with God's shy flowers,
Bloomed his fair fragrant charity.

Who unto others strongly gave,
Received with trembling hand his own,
Who bravely bore the Master's cross,
Scarce brooked the faithful servant's crown.

With trembling trust and halting hope
He passed to heaven's holy hall,
To find his gifts but feeble types
Of Jesus' grace, made—“Free to All!”

Fort Plain, N. Y.

Obituary.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER ARCHIBALD.

Died in Brighton, Eng., February 8th, 1884, Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald, C. B., K. C. M. G., for many years British Consul-General at New York. “Mr. Archibald,” says the *N. Y. Tribune*, of Feb. 9th, “was trained to the profession of the law and entered the public service over fifty years ago. He was assigned to duty in Newfoundland and filled during nearly a quarter of a century several offices connected with the judiciary, the Legislature and the Government of that Province. While filling the of-

fice of Attorney-General he advised and promoted the grant of concessions which furnished the most substantial encouragement of the Atlantic 'Telegraph Cable. Twenty-six years ago he was appointed to the Consulship of New York, which he held during the most eventful period in the history of the United States. The burdensome and harassing duties of his office were performed to the entire satisfaction of both countries.

"During the first three years of his service in the city he was engaged in detecting and reporting slave-trading expeditions. He said in his speech at a dinner which was given in his honor on his retirement from the British Consular service in January, 1883:—'It would astonish those who listen to me to know to how great an extent that abominable traffic was then carried on with impunity, not by American citizens, but by foreigners who made this country and especially this city, the seat and centre of their operations. I believe I was enabled to report every expedition which during these years was fitted out not alone from the United States ports, but from those of the West Indies and the continent of Europe. Without the mutual right of search which I had urged, and owing to adverse influences, little or nothing could be done to suppress the traffic. But with the outbreak of the Civil War, there came a sudden revulsion of sentiment on the whole subject of slavery. Speedy convictions were obtained and very soon the accursed traffic was swept into the depths of the ocean.

'Then it was that a treaty with the United States embracing the mutual right of search was negotiated and under it there was established an international tribunal, a court of mixed commission for the trial of slavers captured under either flag and brought into United States courts for adjudication. Of this court I was appointed Her Majesty's Judge. No case ever came before that court, and after eight years of existence it was abolished and the commission was extinguished.'

"Mr. Archibald took part in paying over to the United States Government the amount of the Geneva Award.

"He was a man whose aim and efforts were to maintain a conscience void of offense. His closing words at the dinner tendered to him at the end of his consulate, were:—

"When I am dead and gone
And the mould upon my breast,
Say not that he did ill or well,
Only he did his best."

To this record of a useful and noble life we need only add that some of its best strength was habitually given in several ways, to the welfare of seamen. The Board of Trustees of this Society marked their sense of this, by appropriate action in connection with Sir E. M. ARCHIBALD's departure from New York city, as recorded in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for March, '83, p. 89.

The Last Marine Horror.

About 4 a. m. on Friday, January 25th, the steamship *City of Columbus*, which had left Boston, Mass., on Thursday, for Savannah, struck a ledge off Gay Head, the southeastern end of Martha's Vineyard, and went down, carrying with her one hundred persons. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, and although the boats were quickly launched, and a raft made on the instant, these were swamped almost as soon as they touched the water; most of the passengers put on life-preservers, but this precaution was rendered useless in many cases by the rough water. About forty persons took refuge in the rigging, and many of these were taken off by the lifeboat which later in the morning was sent out from Gay Head. About noon the revenue cutter *Dexter* appeared on the scene, and rescued twenty persons. The *City of Columbus* at the time of the wreck had eighty first-class passengers, twenty-two steerage passengers, and a crew of forty-five. The ledges on which the vessel struck are among the most dangerous along the coast, but there is ample sea room for passing steamers, and the terrible disaster which sent the *City of Columbus* upon the ledge was probably one of those crimes of carelessness for which adequate and just punishment is rarely administered.

It is gratifying to know that the Massachusetts Humane Society has awarded to the crew of the revenue cutter *Dexter*,

\$200, to be divided among them by Captain GABRIELSON according to their deserts. They have also awarded to Lieutenant JOHN U. RHODES, of the *Dexter*, the society's gold medal for his heroic exertions; to Captain ERIC GABRIELSON, of the same vessel, the society's silver medal; to such of his officers as he may designate, the society's certificate for humane efforts at the same wreck. The society has also awarded to each of the Gay Head Indians who went in a boat to rescue the survivors, a silver medal and \$25; to the members of another crew, each a bronze medal and \$15. The certificate of the society and a cash award are given to Lighthouse-keeper PEASE, the Rev. A. P. SHIELDS and several women of Gay Head for their heroic efforts in saving life. Money awards, from \$5 to \$10 each, are given to a large number of other persons on the island of Martha's Vineyard for their services at the time of the disaster.

The Boston *Post's* fund for Lieutenant Rhodes, of the cutter *Dexter*, had reached \$2,001 on the 4th February, and the Gay Head Indian fund, \$4,251.

Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

At the annual meeting Jan. 17th, the President reported that presentations were made during the last year, to sixty-one persons, for meritorious services in rescuing persons from drowning. Thirteen silver and four gold medals and \$1,115 in money were presented. The officers elected were: —*president*, J. D. Jones; *vice-president*, Royal Phelps; *secretary*, Clifford A. Hand; *treasurer*, Joseph H. Chapman. William H. H. Moore, Walter R. F. Jones and Crossman Lyons were appointed the "Committee on medals, diplomas, donations, and other rewards for courageous efforts to save life."

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1884.

Total arrivals..... 188
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$1,877

of which \$539 was sent to relatives and friends, \$80 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$1,258 was returned to boarders.

Planets for March, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 51m., and south of east 22° 6'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 26th at 9h. 23m., being 3° 25' south; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 59m., and north of west 10° 23'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 30th at 1h. 7m., being 4° 31' north.

MARS is due south on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 45m., being at this time 23° 19' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon at 20m. past midnight on the 8th, being 9° 6' north; is stationary among the stars in Cancer at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 7m., being 21° 44' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 7th at 8h. 28m., being 5° 54' north; is stationary among the stars in Gemini at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 20th.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 43m. past midnight and north of west 25° 50'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 3rd at 2h. 20m., being 1° 42' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for January, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. church.....	\$ 10 96
Bennington, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	9 74
Bristol, Cong. church.....	2 62
Concord, South Cong. church.....	13 05
Greenville, Cong. church.....	8 00
Hopkinton, Daniel Sawyer.....	1 00
Kensington, Cong. church.....	12 50
New Ipswich, Cong. church.....	2 50
Sanbornton, Cong. church.....	10 00
Seabrook and Hampton Falls, S. S., for library.....	20 00
Walpole, Cong. church.....	8 50

VERMONT.

Chelsea, legacy of Mrs. Sophia D. Drew, deceased, late of Chelsea, Vt., per Edward Douglass.....	300 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, Free church, of wh. \$60 to const. Benj. W. Farnum and Gil- bert French, L. M's.....	64 68
Boston, from a friend, for lib's.....	40 00
L. F. W.....	2 00
Cambridgeport, Prospect St. ch., for libraries.....	44 18
Campello, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	20 00
Chelsea, Lieut. H. C. Keene, for lib'y	20 00
Dalton, Mrs. James B. Crane.....	100 00
East Bridgewater, Z. Hatch.....	3 00
East Hampton, Payson church.....	33 53
Framingham, Plymouth church.....	4 00
Gardner, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	29 31
Mr. E. A. Sawyer, for lib'y in mem- ory of his wife, Minnie Pierce Sawyer.....	20 00

Gloucester, Cong. church.....	5 00	Norwalk, 1st Cong. church.....	62 39
Great Barrington, 1st Cong. ch. and Society.....	106 13	Norwich, Broadway Cong. church...	100 00
Greenfield, 2nd Cong. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00	Orange, Cong. church.....	7 14
Hadley, Mrs. George Dickinson.....	1 00	Redding, Rev. W. J. Jennings.....	2 00
Haverhill, Cong. church.....	1 00	Ridgefield, 1st Cong. church.....	5 50
Lowell, George F. Willey.....	5 00	Salisbury, Cong. church.....	10 10
Mansfield, Cong. church.....	9 00	Sharon, Cong. church.....	2 00
Marblehead, 1st Cong. ch., to const. Joseph Gregory, L. M.....	30 00	Thomaston, Cong. church.....	9 15
Marion, S. D. Hadley.....	10 00	Wapping, Cong. church.....	69
Milford, Cong. church.....	12 00	Waterbury, Eben Hoadley.....	2 00
Millbury, Cong. church.....	13 84	Wolcott, Cong. church.....	2 50
North Adams, Cong. church.....	10 00	Woodbury, Mrs. E. L. Curtiss.....	10 00
Oxford, Cong. church, \$10, and S. S., \$17.34.....	27 34	Mrs. C. P. Churchill.....	2 00
Pittsfield, James H. Dunham.....	50 00		
Randolph, "New Year's Greeting".....	25 00	NEW YORK.	
Reading, Old South church.....	8 19	Brooklyn, Nathan Stephens, for lib'y	20 00
Rockport, Cong. church.....	17 18	Mrs. Rosa P. Atwater.....	10 00
Salisbury, Union Evangelical ch. of Amesbury and Salisbury.....	4 35	Mrs. J. Healy.....	5 00
Spencer, Cong. church.....	80 04	Harlem, Dutch Ref. church for lib'y.	20 00
Springfield, 1st church.....	16 38	Newtonville, Margaret and Mary F. Cushman.....	5 00
South church.....	23 96	New York City, S. T. Gordon.....	50 00
South Attleboro, S. S., additional.....	1 44	Morris K. Jesup.....	40 00
South Hadley Falls, Cong. ch. and Society.....	7 00	Henry C. Ellis, special donation.....	
Stockbridge, Cong. church.....	44 06	Mrs. S. R. Stone for two libraries, one to be called the "Morning Side Library No. 4.....	40 00
Wakefield, Cong. church.....	38 48	Missionary Society of the Church of the Strangers, for library.....	20 00
Warren, S. S., additional.....	1 00	Reformed Dutch church S. S., 48th St. and 5th Ave., for library.....	20 00
Webster, Cong. church.....	11 00	Pilgrim church, Augusta C. McKinney for "Troy Library,".....	20 00
Wenham, Cong. church.....	7 13	C. A. Davison.....	20 00
West Boylston, Cong. church.....	1 77	Silver Link Band of 4th Presbyterian church, to keep in repair Library No. 7,751, now on board ship <i>San Joaquin</i> , bound for Bombay, per Rev. Dr. J. Spaulding...	10 00
Weymouth, 1st Cong. church.....	7 47	Joseph S. Holt.....	10 00
Wilbraham, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	20 00	M. C. D. Borden.....	5 00
Williamsburg, Cong. church.....	10 50	Crew of schr. <i>Charles Noble Simmons</i>	2 25
Winchester, a Friend, for lib'y.....	20 00	Cash.....	2 00
Yarmouth, Cong. church.....	37 80	Poughkeepsie, Julia P. Wickes.....	10 00
		Rye, Capt. R. B. Chapman.....	5 00
RHODE ISLAND.		Saugerties, Mrs. Maria A. Kiersted to const. "Jeremia K. Merritt, of Saugerties, N. Y., a L. M.....	30 00
Providence, Union Cong. church....	2 00	Smithtown, 1st Pres. church.....	8 40
CONNECTICUT.			
Birmingham, Cong. church.....	20 00	NEW JERSEY.	
Branford, Cong. church.....	3 90	Caldwell, Pres. church.....	15 00
Bridgeport, Mrs. Mary B. Loomis, to const. self L. M.....	30 00	East Orange, Munn Ave. S. S. class No. 24, for library.....	20 00
Bristol, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00	Englewood, A friend.....	1 00
Columbia, additional.....	1 00	Flemington, W. P. Emery.....	5 00
East Hartford, Friends.....	5 00	Lakewood, Mrs. M. L. Smallwood, balance for library, a thank offering.....	10 00
Farmington, Cong. church.....	40 29	Madison, Pres. church, S. S. Missionary Association, for libraries.....	40 00
Fairfield, Cong. church, collection for 1883, for the "Parents' Memorial Lib'y of Fairfield, Conn.".....	20 00	Newark, 1st Pres. church, of which Mrs. C. L. R. Hall \$30, to const. Samuel Hall Nichols, of Pittston, Pa., a L. M.....	103 00
Granby, South Cong. church.....	3 22	North Reformed church.....	100 00
Greenville, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for lib'y, \$20.....	47 00	2nd Pres. church.....	7 70
Greenwich, a Friend.....	5 00	Newfield, Rev. Charles Willey.....	5 00
Groton, Bap. ch. of Groton Heights, for library.....	20 00	Orange, L. P. Stone.....	50 00
Mrs. Betsey A. Copp.....	4 00	Orange Valley, Dr. Wm. P. Vail.....	3 00
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	9 00		
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. ch.....	295 48	MARYLAND.	
Mrs. Mary C. Bemis.....	15 00	Baltimore, Rev. John S. Jones, D. D., for library.....	20 00
Jewett City, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	2 00		
Kensington, Miss F. A. Robbins.....	5 00	UTAH.	
Lebanon, Mrs. D. S. Woodworth, special donation.....	1 00	Salt Lake City, M. B. Osborne.....	1 00
Litchfield, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. towards lib's, \$30.....	56 67		
Lyme, 1st Cong. church.....	31 50		
Middletown, South Cong. ch. and Society.....	49 63		
Milford, Plymouth church.....	34 40		
Mount Carmel, Cong. church.....	8 84		
New Haven, O. A. Dorman, for lib's.	100 00		
Richard S. Fellowes.....	30 00		
Lyman Osborne.....	5 00		
Northford, Cong. church.....	1 00		



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

The Prisoner.

It was not quite train-time, and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro in the long depot, holding his little daughter's hand. A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner. It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal who was sentenced to the State's prison for twenty years.

The child looked at him, first with wonder and horror, then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom of his countenance, a tender pity grew on her sweet face, until, dropping her father's hand, she went over to the prisoner, and lifting her eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words. He glared upon her like a fiend, and she ran back half afraid to her father. But a moment after she was at his side again, pressing nearer than before in her self-forgetful earnestness, and this time the prisoner dropped his self-defiant eyes as he listened, and a slight tremor passed on his hard face. Then the father called, and the little child went slowly away, looking back pityingly.

The train came presently, and the prisoner went quietly aboard, and during the journey he gave the officers no trouble.

Upon their arrival at the prison, his conduct was most excellent, and continued to be so. Inmates of that prison having terms of twenty years and over, are allowed a light in the evenings, and it was observed that he spent the time in studying the Bible. At length some one asked how it came that he brought such a reputation for willfulness, since he had proved himself quiet and well behaved.

"Well, sir," said he, I'll tell you: It was when I was waiting in the depot, before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with her father. She wasn't much more than a baby, and she had long shiny hair flying over her shoulders, and such great blue eyes as you won't often see. Somehow I couldn't help looking at her. By and by she let go her father's hand and came over to me and said: 'Man, I am sorry for you;' and you wouldn't believe it, but there were tears in her eyes! Something appeared to give way inside then; but I was proud, and wouldn't show it; I just scowled at her blacker than ever. The little dear looked kind of scared like, and ran off to her father; but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me and said: 'Man, Jesus Christ is sorry for

you.' O, sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody'd spoken to me like that since my good old mother who died years and years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, and all the way down here I was just thinking of mother, and the many things she used to teach me when I was no bigger than the blessed baby—for I'd a good bringing up, though more's the shame for me. Well, the whole of it is, I made up my mind that I would never rest till my mother's God was mine also; and O, sir," he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, "He's saved me,—He's saved me!"

This little child spoke a great truth when she stated that Jesus Christ is sorry for the unsaved. He is full of compassion, and longs to have all come to Him. My young reader, Christ really loves you. He died on the Cross, and there shed His blood to cleanse you from your sins.—*Parish Visitor.*

A Beautiful Incident.

A young man who had been on a three days' debauch, wandered into a reading room of a hotel where he was well known. sat down, and stared into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly about the room. She was dressed in rags, but had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each, begging. One gentleman gave her a five cent piece, and she went to the gentleman spoken of and asked for a penny, adding:—"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was out of humor, and he said, crossly:—"Don't bother me; I haven't had anything to eat in three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder, stared at him for a moment, and walked slowly toward the door. She turned the knob, and then, after hesitating a few seconds, walked up to him, and gently laying the five cents on his knee, said, with a tone

of true girlish pity in her voice:—"If you haven't had anything to eat for three days, you take this and go and buy you some bread. Perhaps I can get more somewhere."

The young man blushed to the roots of his hair, and, lifting the child in his arms, kissed her two or three times in delight. He then took her to the persons in the room and those in the corridor and office, and asked contributions, himself giving all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over forty dollars, and sent the little one on her way rejoicing.—*London Graphic.*

Have you Heard of Jesus ?

Little child, so bright and fair,
By my pathway straying;
Eyes of blue, and golden hair,
Laughing mouth beyond compare,
Have you heard of Jesus?
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

He was born in Bethlehem,
Cradled in a manger;
King, without a diadem;
Wise men brought him spice and gem;
Brought the Little Stranger,
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

Little people in his arms
He was wont to take them:
There they rested from alarms:
There they felt his tender charms:
He would ne'er forsake them
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

But there is a stranger tale,
Which to learn I'd have you;
How this Jesus stooped and died,
How with spear they pierced his side,
From your sins to save you.
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

Little child, so bright and fair,
He would have you love him;
From his throne he watches there;
Cast yourself upon his care;
There's no friend above him!
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

He Might Ax About It.

"Dunno, miss,"

"But, Tessie, you must know where you got it."

"'Deed, miss, I dunno no more'n de dade. I nebber took it none: it jes' comed."

"Just came! O Tessie, Tessie! are you never going to be good?"

"I is good, miss," said the little colored girl, who could not seem to learn how very wicked it is to take other people's property, and who had never been taught it is wrong to tell an untruth.

"Yes, Tessie, you are good about some things," I said; "but you are not good when you take things out of my room, as you did last night."

"'Deed miss, I neber tuk it none: it jes' comed."

"Tessie," I said solemnly, "what will you do when God asks you about this."

"I jes' say I dunno nuffin' 'tall 'bout it."

"But you can't tell a lie about it to God, for he saw you take it."

"Reckon ye're out dar, 'cause it were dark as Egyp," said Tessie, grinning at me, and showing a row of white teeth and a pair of large black eyes.

"But, Tessie," I said, "that makes no difference; God sees you all the time, and knows what you do in the dark, just as well as what you do when it is light."

The girl's expression changed, and she looked about her stealthily, as though in some dark corner she expected to see some one looking at her. Failing in that, she looked back at me, and said:

"Tain't wurth while ter vex 'im."

"No, Tessie," I said, "It's not right to vex any one who has been kind to us; and God does more for us than any earthly friends we have."

"Reckon ef I puts it back in the dark agin, he'll see it?"

"Yes, Tessie. God will see you, wheth-

er you put it back at night, or in the day."

"Den it'll be all right?"

"If you make up your mind never to take again what does not belong to you."

"S'posen His head is turned round the wrong way, an' He don't see me?"

"God's head is never turned round, Tessie; it is always towards us."

That evening I watched Tessie to see the effect of our conversation, and soon after dark I discovered her on her way to my room, with the little thermometer she had taken from it the night before.

After that there seemed to be a decided change in Tessie, which pleased me very much; but I was even more pleased when one day I found her with a bottle of cologne in her hand, and heard what she was saying:

"I reckon it smells kind o' good, an' I reckon I'd like ter hab it; but the good God's a lookin' on an' He moight ax 'bout it some day."

My little friends, would it not be well if we could take that as a sort of watch-word—"He might ask about it some day?" Do we not all do little things quietly, in a kind of slurring way, as if they wouldn't count? And yet we would be ashamed to be asked about them. Remember that everything counts, and that "He might ask about it some day."—*Well-Spring.*

He Knows Them All.

Can you tell me how many starlets
Are twinkling and gleaming on high?
Can you tell me how many cloudlets
Are spreading white sails through the sky?
One there is who has numbered them all,
Who knows every star, whether great or small—
He knows them all, He knows them all.

Can you tell me how many children
Are sleeping serenely to-night,
Like lambs in the fold of their Shepherd
Kept safe through His power and might?
One there is who has numbered you all,
Who knows each dear child, whether great or small,
And loves you too, and loves you too.

From the German

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1884, seventy-two loan libraries, thirty-six new and thirty-six reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,033-8,057, inclusive, and No. 8,059, at New York;—and Nos. 7,908-7,914, inclusive, with Nos. 7,916, 7,918, and 7,919, at Boston.

The thirty-six libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,232,	No. 5,454,	No. 5,766,	No. 6,271,	No. 6,812,	No. 7,183,	No. 7,428,	No. 7,585,	No. 7,827,
" 4,914,	" 5,473,	" 5,831,	" 6,619,	" 6,907,	" 7,247,	" 7,500,	" 7,629,	" 7,845,
" 5,070,	" 5,478,	" 6,075,	" 6,692,	" 7,039,	" 7,236,	" 7,516,	" 7,744,	" 7,865,
" 5,451,	" 5,676,	" 6,230,	" 6,772,	" 7,167,	" 7,316,	" 7,563,	" 7,800,	" 7,894.

Memoranda.

IN THE interesting record published in the January LIFE BOAT, headed "A Seamen's Library," (see foot note, page 34 of SAILORS' MAGAZINE for that month,) the Loan Library No. 7,355 should have been credited to the S. S. Congregational Church, Thompson, (not Thompsonville) Conn., as the donors thereof.

PURITAN CONGREGATIONAL S. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., is the donor of Loan Library No. 8,067, which we placed, Feb'y 7th, 1884, on bark *Nova Scotia*, of Windsor, N. S., for Amsterdam, in care of Capt. Potter, 22 men in the crew,—and if the prayers of the donors follow the books with a faith and zeal akin to that of the lady teacher who brought us the identical \$20 in silver, etc., which the children gave to send the library to sea, it will surely be blest to a noble and saving work among the sailors.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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U. S. A.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 422 South Front St. Penn.	" " "	Capt. Geo. Westerdike.
WILMINGTON, N. C. Front & Dock Sts. Wilm.	" " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Fandisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	David Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored) do.	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St. ...	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mr. & Mrs. H.G. O. Nye.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Miss Ellen Brown.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y:	" " " " " " " " " " " "

Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society...	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.	Episcopal Miss. Society...	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	" E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St.	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets...	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Salem St. (No. 171) Bethel.....	Boston S.-a. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	" J. V. W. Schenck.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "
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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1838—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1883.

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OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.**
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT**, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of **LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1883, is 7,764. Calculating 8,100 reshipments, their 419,420 volumes have been accessible to more than 301,425 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c. The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any **SAILORS' HOME** in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the **HOME**. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.